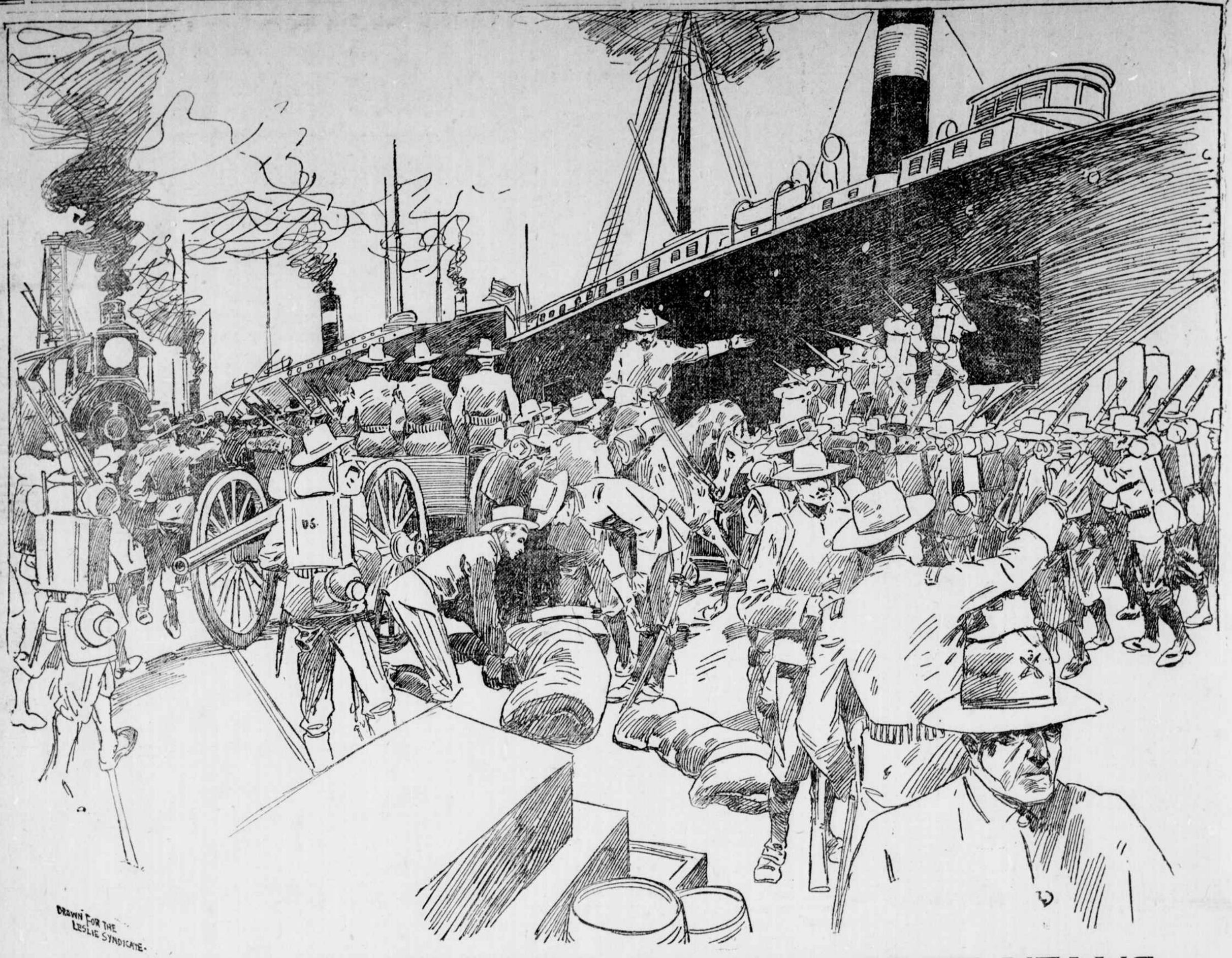


# EMBARKING TROOPS AT NEWPORT NEWS.

### COST OF CABLE MESSAGES.

**$2.35 a Word to Manila—$1.98 to Curacao.**

(New York Sun.)

The many cable lines and the resultant competition have brought the cost of communication between New York and London down to a fairly low figure, 25 cents per word, but when one tries to reach more remote parts of the world, where the line is controlled by a single government, or company, or where there is little business to support it, the cost of sending messages amounts to alarming figures. To send ten words from New York to Manila, for instance, costs $23.50, or $2.10 per word beyond London. This is the commercial rate. Newspaper dispatches go for about half this sum, but, even so, the cost of bringing a column of news from the Philippines amounts up to nearly four figures. Even from a point so near as Curacao, which became for a short time the centre of news interest, the commercial rate by the cheapest route is $1.98. These two samples will give a fair intimation of the immense sums being expended by the newspapers in gathering information about the war.

It may seem at first thought that $2.35 is a large sum to pay for sending a single word from New York to the Philippines, but when one reflects that such a message travels 20,000 miles, and that it must be received and transmitted over a score of different lines or branches, he is more likely to come to the conclusion that it is very cheap, all things considered. From New York the cablegram goes first to Halifax, and from there by another loop to Heart's Content, Newfoundland, where it dives beneath the Atlantic to reappear on the coast of Ireland and be again forwarded to London, which is the great centre of cable and telegraphic communication for the whole world.

From London to the East there are two great routes. The first via either the Eastern or Indo-European Company's lines, will take the message across the channel and overland to Marseilles, or by the all-water course around the Spanish peninsula, stopping at Lisbon; thence through the Mediterranean to Alexandria, across Egypt by land, down the Red Sea to Aden, through the Arabian Sea to Bombay, over India by land, across the Bay of Bengal to Singapore, along the coast to Hongkong, and across the China Sea to Manila.

The other route from London is even longer and covers a much greater part of the journey by land. It takes the message from London by the lines of the Great Northern Company across Russia and Siberia to Vladivostock, and thence across the China coast to Hongkong.

In its long voyage, occupying from three to twenty-four hours, according to its urgency, the message has crossed or skirted a score of countries, representing almost as many different nationalities, and yet the sender may rest assured that it will be transmitted with promptness and secrecy, and at a fixed and known charge. This assurance is provided by the Bureau of International Telegraphs, which has headquarters at Berne, Switzerland. It was inaugurated thirty years ago for the purpose of "collecting, arranging, and publishing information" on this subject, regulating accounts, and guaranteeing the interest of senders and receivers. It brought order out of the chaos previously enveloping international communication by wire, and has made it possible to cable to any part of the world as easily as one sends a telegraph message from his office to his home.

The question of cable cutting is one that has received considerable attention since the beginning of the war between Spain and the United States. Has the United States, for instance, the right to sever a cable belonging to a French or British company, when it is known that the cable is or may be used to give information to Spain? The authorities on international law are agreed in answering this question in the affirmative. Everything that can give direct assistance to an enemy is recognized as "contraband of war," and may be seized or destroyed. Railways, telegraphs and cable lines come under this head as surely as provisions or ammunition ships. The only disagreement among the experts is as to whether the companies whose lines are so summarily interrupted can afterwards collect damages. On this point authorities differ, but the consensus of opinion, supported by the cable companies themselves, is that they can do so.

Whatever the opinion of legal experts, there is no doubt as to the action of the naval and military commanders in dealing with a cable which is likely to be of service to an enemy. Dewey did not wait for a legal opinion when he found that the Spanish Governor of the Philippines was using his control of the Manila cable to send information to his home government. He cut the wire and shut the islands off from the world. The same thing has been done in the West Indies. All but one of the lines connecting Cuba with the outside world were cut during the first weeks of the blockade. One of the bravest acts of the early part of the war was that of the Nashville's men, who went into the harbor of Cienfuegos under a hail of shot from the shore batteries and cut both the cables leading out of that port. That the course of the United States in dealing with the cables leading to her enemy's ports would have been that of other nations under the same circumstances is proved by the fact that the European navies have ships fitted with grappling hooks for the especial purpose of hauling up and destroying cables in time of war.

### The Missing Bank-Note.

(By J. Penman, in Philadelphia Times.)

It all happened after I had been advanced in my position in the counting-room of Farrington, Hurd & Co. I was just 16 years of age, and had graduated with honors from a business college, when, one morning, I received a letter offering me a position as office clerk with the firm above mentioned. I gladly accepted the invitation that the letter gave, "To call at the office at once."

This letter was in answer to an application for employment that I had made a week before. I wrote a very pretty hand then, and the senior partner, Mr. Farrington, told me that he had given me the preference on that account, which remark brought to mind a saying of my father's that good handwriting is the best introduction a young man can have who wishes to obtain a position in a merchant's office."

Several months had passed by, and I was rapidly learning the business, to which I paid the utmost attention, and making friends for myself both in and out of the office, when, one winter evening, just before the hour for closing, I was summoned into the private office by Mr. Haight, the junior partner, and told that I had been promoted to be his assistant at the cashier's desk.

"There is but one key to the cash-drawer, Penman," said Mr. Haight, "and I will always carry it, except when I may be obliged to leave you in charge, and then I will transfer it to you."

As I had endeavored to please my employers in my old position, so did I endeavor in my new, and I succeeded in winning their good opinions. Mr. Haight very seldom left me in charge of the cash-drawer, but when he did, I noticed that he always balanced his account before going away, and again upon his return, so that if any mistake should occur during that time he might trace it to me. I felt no offence at this, though some of the other clerks tried to make me believe that the junior partner had a motive in doing it that was far from praiseworthy.

There is a great deal of satisfaction, to one having charge of his employer's money, when, at the close of the day's business, he can balance his cash account and find it come out correct to a cent. This gratification I shared jointly with Mr. Haight, without interruption for nearly a year, when, one evening, I noticed that he was longer than usual in making up his account. Finally, he turned to me and said, rather roughly:

"Here, Penman, see if you can balance this cash."

Judge of my dismay when, on going carefully over the account, I found that we were exactly $50 short.

My face flushed painfully as I made this discovery, and remembered at the same time that this was the first day that Mr. Haight had given me entire charge of the cash. He had been obliged to leave town at 8 o'clock that morning, and at a quarter before 8 had verified the cash on hand and given me the key, admonishing me to be extremely careful in handling the money.

I racked my brain for a solution of the mystery. I felt certain that I had not made an error. I had not left the counting-room the entire day, excepting between 12 and 1 o'clock, when I always went out for lunch.

The theft, for such I now considered it, must have taken place during my lunch hour, and might have been accomplished with the help of a duplicate key. But Mr. Haight had told me that there was but one key; besides, at that time the office was entirely unoccupied, all the clerks going to lunch at the same hour. These thoughts passed through my mind in a tenth part of the time required to write them, and I was aroused from the painful reverie into which I had fallen by the voice of the junior partner, which had become strangely harsh and strained:

"Well, what do you make of it?" he asked.

I looked him full in the face, and noticed that his features worked convulsively.

"I make it $50 short," I answered, as quietly as I could.

"Fifty dollars short!" he cried, loud enough to attract the attention of every one in both the office and the store.

Startled looks were cast upon us from all directions. Several of the employees walked forward so that they could hear the better, and good old Mr. Farrington, whom I reverenced as a father, tottered in from his private office, followed by his partner, Mr. Hurd.

"What is it, Mr. Haight?" he asked, in his gentle way.

"Merely," said the junior partner, with much excitement and bluster, "that this boy is $50 short in his accounts, and it cannot be found," and then he added, as if struck with a new idea: "And this is the first day I have given him entire charge, too."

All of them gazed at me suspiciously, and I read my condemnation in their eyes, all except Mr. Farrington. His look reassured me, and I cried:

"I assure you, Mr. Farrington, that it is no error of mine. I have been extremely careful."

"There, there, that will do," said the old gentleman, kindly; "come into my private office."

"I see that you are not in a fit condition at present to recall the transactions of the day," said Mr. Farrington, finally; "to-morrow you may be better able to recollect something about it. Go home now and return to-morrow morning and resume your duties as usual; in the mean time, I will speak to Mr. Haight. I shall sift this affair in my own way, but do not forget that I have a firm belief in your honesty, Penman, and you shall keep your position, whether the money be found or not."

On my way to the store the next morning it came to me that I had taken in a $50 dollar bill with one of my collections the previous day. On reaching the office I went straight to Mr. Farrington's private office—he was always at his desk as soon as any of his clerks—and told him what I had recollected.

"I thought you would remember something this morning," said he in a cheerful tone; "go and get Mr. Long's deposit-slips for yesterday."

We were in the habit of keeping duplicate slips, and these I soon got and took to Mr. Farrington. We examined them carefully, but no $50 bill appeared in the itemized statement of cash deposited.

The idea that had come to me when I started for the slips was a somewhat confused one. I thought the bill might have been put in bank, for it was not among the cash on hand that evening, therefore, when it did not appear on the slip, I concluded that it must have been taken from the drawer by some one having another key. On the other hand, I could not remember positively whether the account had been paid to me before or after our banking hour, which was half-past 2.

"It doesn't appear here, does it, Penman?" asked Mr. Farrington, still gazing at the slips.

Mr. Haight said nothing, and appeared to be absorbed in his newspaper.

"No, sir," was all that I was able to say.

Then another idea came to me.

"Excuse me for a few moments, gentlemen," I cried. "I want to go over and see Messrs. Rand & Co.'s book-keeper. I think he can tell me something about this matter"; and before they had time to answer I had left the office and was soon in Rand's counting-room.

"Mr. Jackson," I cried, addressing the book-keeper, "do you remember in what form you paid me your monthly account yesterday?"

"Certainly I do, sonny," answered Mr. Jackson in a patronizing way, "a $50 bill, and seven brand-new pennies; and I have your receipt."

"Oh, that's all right, about the receipt," I said. "Do you remember about what time you paid it?"

"Yes," he replied, "between 11 and 12."

"Thank you," I said, and immediately darted out again, to the surprise of the book-keeper, for as I slammed the door I heard him exclaim, "That boy's crazy!"

Reaching our office, I again sought Mr. Farrington and told him what I had learned.

"I think, Mr. Farrington," I began, plucking up courage from my discovery, "that it must be Rand & Co.'s bill that is missing, for I am certain that I did not take in another of that denomination."

"Penman," he asked, "did you have many notes on hand that day?"

"I did, Mr. Farrington," I replied. "I remember the pile came very close to the top of the drawer, and that I had to press it down several times."

"You should keep a paper-weight on your notes; do so hereafter. I am inclined to think," he continued, musingly, "that it might be—" here he interrupted himself, and, beckoning to me to follow, started for my particular corner of the general office.

He stopped in front of my desk and began pulling out the lower drawers, which were unlocked.

"Don't you think it might have dropped down back of the drawer? I remember a similar circumstance many years ago."

He spoke so encouragingly that my hopes grew big in an instant. Down on my knees I went, and soon had several handfuls of dust and paper on the floor beside us. Four times did I do this without finding anything, but the fifth time my fingers came in contact with a crisp piece of paper, and when I drew it out, there was the $50 bill!

What did Mr. Haight say and do? I leave that to your imagination.

### The Name "Yankee."

(Charleston News and Courier.)

"Some Englishman," says the Providence (R. I.) Journal, "wants to know if 'Yankee' is regarded as a term of reproach in the United States," and it proceeds, very naturally, to answer the question according to its lights and location. Certainly, it remarks, the name is not so regarded "in New England," and it explains that people east of the Hudson river "have been called Yankees so long that the name is as familiar and acceptable as if it had not been originally used in scorn and contempt." "It is not a very pretty word, when you come to think of it," and "it suggests a lean, lank person, with a turkey-like neck, and a long, ungraceful stride. It fits the popular pictures of Uncle Sam exactly. It does not bring before the mind, at first, a vision of fashion and culture, but rather of the rugged Americanism of an earlier day, which our transatlantic cousins smiled at and caricatured." And then we are further told:

"Yet a century of usage has gradually wrought a change in the significance of the word. The Yankee is no longer of necessity a tough-looking specimen of humanity, a backwoodsman, or a long-haired agriculturist. But it is not alone in New England that the name of Yankee is coming to be regarded as the opposite to a term of reproach. In an address at Lexington, Ky., the other night, Colonel Henry Watterson said: 'Some of us are old enough to remember the delusions that once had a certain vogue among the unthinking, that one southerner could whip six Yankees. We got bravely over that, and now that we are all Yankees, let it not be imagined that one Yankee can whip six Spaniards.' 'Now that we are all Yankees.' That has a patriotic ring. Whatever the reason, it is as Yankees that we are known abroad, rather than as Hoosiers, or Crackers, or Badgers, or Buckeyes, or Wolverines. In Europe a Yankee means an American, not necessarily a dweller in Maine or Rhode Island or Connecticut.

"In 1861 the tune, 'Yankee Doodle,' was vigorously hated at the South. A 'Yank' was despised above all men, and the Legislature of South Carolina forbade the playing of the melody in the State. But time are changed. The New England type has impressed itself on the rest of the nation in this respect as in so many others. So the Angles gave their names to England, and through it to a world-wide empire, at least in common speech. We do not follow logic or fitness always in such things, though when a term like Yankee survives above all others, it is pretty good proof that it represents a provincial characteristic that deserves for some innate reason to survive. And is it not the sturdy New England idea, after all, that has done more than any other to make the nation what it is?"

This is an exceedingly delicate subject all around, of course, and we would much prefer to discuss it in the thick of a presidential election campaign, when the discussion could be conducted on the frank and forcible lines peculiar to such questions on such occasions. As it is now, we are in the midst of a war with a foreign foe, and men of all sections are mixed up in the camps and the bands are playing "Yankee Doodle," and "Dixie," "Marching Through Georgia," and "John Brown's Body," and "Hang Jeff. Davis," and everybody is stepping to the music of these inspiring national airs, and wearing the same uniform and whooping up in the cause of "freedom and independence" for a neighboring State that is in the throes of secession, so to speak. It is not, therefore, a favorable time for saying all that is in one's mind and hurting other people's feelings by accident, or otherwise.

We have, therefore, nothing to say on the merits of the question which our Yankee contemporary and fellow-patriot, the Journal, discusses so interestingly. Some things it says are true through and through, and we cannot emphasize them too strongly. Some of the others, we pass, for the reasons indicated. And as to the rest, we have only two or three mild remarks to offer by way of gentle correction.

In the first place, then, we do not understand that the name Yankee necessarily suggests to people in this part of the country, "a lean, lank person, with a turkey-like neck and a long, ungraceful stride." We regard, for instance, the Hon. Mr. Hoar, and the Hon. Thomas Reed, and the Hon. Mr. Lodge as typical "Yankees," and certainly they are not lean and lank persons with turkey-like necks, and such exceptions might be multiplied by the thousand. So that the physical appearance of the person really has no part in determining the application of the term. It is perfectly well understood, in short, that a Yankee may be a fat, roly-poly person as well as a stringy one, and it is a fact, we believe, that it is generally recognized that the sleek, round type now largely prevails. The pictures of Uncle Sam do not "fit" the popular idea of a New England Yankee at all. It fits rather the idea of the Western Yankee, the "hoosier" Yankee, of a generation ago, and is regarded as a composite representation of the former eastern and western types, of which Mr. Lincoln was a faithful example, and which is now becoming somewhat rare even in the West.

Nor do we think it is wholly true that it is "as Yankees" that we are all "known abroad," and that "in Europe a Yankee means an American" without regard to the part of the country he comes from. Doubtless the less intelligent classes of Europeans, who know little of "America" itself, and less of its peoples and political divisions, and know North and South America as one country, regard all visitors from this Continent as "Yankees," just as many uninformed people in this country still regard all Germans as "Dutchmen," and all Africans as "negroes," but certainly no educated Englishman, Scotchman, Irishman, German, Frenchman, or other well-informed European would fail to recognize the distinction between "a southerner," at least, and a Yankee, and as a matter of fact, the distinction is generally recognized and freely commented on by such foreigners, both when they are visiting this country and when they encounter "Americans" abroad. The Spaniards, it is true, know us all as "Pig Yankees," but they intend the term as one of reproach, and they are a very ignorant people, as a rule, on all matters and questions pertaining to our composition and character as a nation.

Finally, it may be conceded, that it is the sturdy New England idea, or the body of them, that has "made this nation what "it is" in most of its present and national aspects. It may be conceded, too, that the northern section of the nation is pretty thoroughly Yankeeized. "The New England type" has certainly "impressed itself on the rest of the nation" west of New England itself in a marked degree. It is not too much to say, indeed, that that part of the country is little more politically, financially, industrially, morally, and historically than an annex to New England, and that its surplus and ever restless energies and influence will probably not be satisfied until they have annexed the far distant Hawaiian Islands also, where the New England type is already in full bloom and practical possession. Possibly the Philippines and even China may succumb to it in the end; the prospect is fair for the Philippines, at any rate. We draw the line only on one side of the field of its active and persistent aggressions—the south side. The effusive and lonesome Colonel Watterson, to the contrary notwithstanding, we are not "all Yankees," nor partially Yankees in this part of the land. The New England "type" and "idea" are still as foreign to the South as they have always been, and there is no indication, or suggestion that they will ever be otherwise. Whether this is a fact to be deplored or to be thankful for is a question which we cheerfully leave to the considerate judgment of our Yankee neighbors. The fact itself suffices us.

### Pajamas the Thing.

(Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.)

If in doubt, send pajamas.

That's the advice of the Army and Navy League, and the league ought to know.

This, of course, relates to friendship offerings to the soldier boys invading Cuba, Porto Rico, and the far away Philippines.

Something to eat and something to drink are in place always. But this should be something that will stand rough shipment and delay in transmission. There are other things useful and needful, but over and above all is the soldiers' delight in tropical climates—the picturesque pantalette, the unique uniform, the novel, neat and natty pajamas, combining nightshirt and negligee, parade dress and fatigue uniform, convenience and comfort, pleasure and protection.

This is the mission of the pajamas—mosquito bar by night, military mantle by day. It takes the place of the robe de nuit, and renders the shirt a surplus luxury. In the day in camp, on the march, on shipboard and in battle honor may be won, victories gained, enemies routed without doffing pajamas. Officers are in full dress with the thermometer above the century mark only in full pajamas. No foraging expedition is complete without them, no night's rest perfect in their absence, for the legs can be easily converted into bags by day and pillows by night, and of their multitudinous uses only the ingenuity of the American boy in the emergency of camp life may ever solve the limitations.

To those ladies who naturally think of style and fit and cut, it may be said truthfully that neither the length nor breadth makes the slightest difference. The one requisite is, make them big enough—the soldier boys will do the rest.

### A Train Bottled Up.

(New York Herald.)

Quite a lively fish, the Dolphin. Down at Santiago she chased a railroad train the other day, so writes one of the New York Naval Reserves, and when the train took refuge in a tunnel shelled the tracks until the cars were as securely bottled up as Cervera's fleet.

The safe deposit vaults of some of the up-to-date trust companies have compartments especially designed for the reception of fur garments, fur mats, etc.